

## RESOLUTIONS FOR THE MEN.

WHAT would I suggest? Oh, lots of things! To begin with, I'd have husbands make a cast iron resolution to spend more of their time at home. When a man marries a woman he leads her to suppose he does it because he yearns for unlimited quantities of her society, and it must strike any fair minded person a good deal like getting goods under false pretenses if as soon as the honeymoon wanes he chases off to the club or downtown the minute he gets his dinner, leaving her to solitude and the unexciting delights of her own company. It is a situation that perhaps a man never appreciates, because he has never been there himself. It couldn't happen to him, because the moment he detected a symptom of loneliness he would put on his hat and go off to the theater or the corner saloon or some place where there were light and brightness and gaiety. A woman has no such resources. She can't go around at night by herself hunting up company, but must sit at home, no matter how lonesome and bored she may be. Men are forever won—"YOU DON'T KNOW DERLING WHY YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT," gregate together in boarding houses. One answer to the conundrum is that they want somebody to talk to while their husbands are downtown at night. I have yet to see the woman whose husband was a home keeper and home loving man who wasn't satisfied to stay there too. There's one thing dead certain, and that is if men were so anxious to stay at home evenings as they were to call on a girl before marriage and if they took as much trouble and pains to try to entertain their wives as they do their sweethearts the domestic millennium would be within hailing distance.

Then, it seems to me, a man might resolve not to unload all his troubles on the family hearth. Of course I know every day a man has to go through with enough to try the patience of a saint, but because cotton has gone down instead of up or things haven't run smoothly at the office is no real reason for slapping Sammy and kicking the cat as soon as he gets within his own door. A man might occasionally remember that a woman has troubles of her own and needs to be cheered and brightened. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightly enough to raise the temperature in a house where a man is sitting around with a scowl on his face. It takes reciprocity, and it's just as much a man's business to smile and help to make home happy as it is a woman's. There's always room for plenty of good resolutions New Year's day and other days. He might resolve, if he really meant to turn over a new leaf and try to do his part toward making home happy, to make his wife an allowance and pay it promptly as a debt of honor; to remember that servants are mortal and that you can't hire a three dollar a week girl to cook like a \$1,000 chef; to bear in mind that a woman never gets too old to like a compliment or to be interested in hearing that her husband loves her and appreciates her, and, above all, to save some of his good manners and good humor for home consumption.—Dorothy Dix.

**GOOD HUMOR FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.**

**Celestial New Year.**

According to the Chinese calendar, the new year begins on the 25th of January. The day is celebrated with great rejoicings. Processions and festivals of the carnival sort are held in the principal cities. The Chinese are extremely fond of fireworks and are adepts in the manufacture of them. Many kinds are used in their New Year's celebrations. The noisy kinds are particularly popular, so that the processions move along a bulla-balloo of popping noises. The processions differ in the different localities. At Canton, for instance, one curious feature is the bearing aloft of little girls on long poles. The girls are garbed to represent idols. Borne high above the crowd, each girl is sheltered by a big umbrella carried on a still longer pole. They look like pretty flowers rising above a meadow. One of these quaint processions is always a most interesting sight to the foreigner.

**Do You Know This Man?**

Jim Tanks would swear off, so I hear, Every New Year's on whisky and beer, Which he thought was no great feat. That he'd then celebrate The feat all the rest of the year.

**Emulate Time.**

Time works wonders. By keepin' at it you may catch up with time some day.—Boston Herald.

George Senna was struck on the head and almost instantly killed by a tree, which he was felling in Bert Maxfield's woodlot in Bristol Friday. His body was discovered a short time afterward by other choppers. The unfortunate man was about 24 years old and had been employed in Bristol about a year. His parents live in Williston.

## NEW YEAR'S HAR SPLITTING.

Difference Between Resolutions and Good Intentions.

"DID you make any New Year's resolutions, Johnny?" asked the cashier as the bill clerk returned from his locker.

"What do you take me for?" asked the bill clerk. "It may be necessary for you, but I don't quite see what I've got to make resolutions against."

"I beg your pardon," said the cashier. "As usual, I spoke in haste and unthinkingly. New Year's resolutions are for imperfect and weak willed persons like me. Not for you."

"I've made em, all the same."

"Then originally you had faults?"

"One or two little blemishes, perhaps," admitted the bill clerk. "One time I swore off smoking cigarettes."

"Some people might regard that as a blemish," said the cashier.

"I guess I kept to it for about three weeks," said the bill clerk, "and then I was doing pretty darned well. Most of them don't last that long. Always makes me a little weary to hear a fellow say: 'No, I ain't takin' any, thank you. I've sworn off, and I'm not going to begin again.' In a day or two you'll see him lining up to the same old way at the same old place, and that's all there is to it."

"It is only too often the case, I fear," sighed the cashier.

"Billy Manchip has sworn off from cussing," said the bill clerk, with an amused smile. "I came in through the alley, and he had three fellows loading for him, and they were handing the cases as if they were going to sleep when Billy came out. I expected to hear something rich and fancy, but except that he kind of stuttered when he came to the places where the ornamental words would have fitted you'd have thought he was talking to a Sunday school class. I said to him, 'What's the matter, Billy?'"

"It's just a fool habit, swearing," says Billy. "I've sworn off."

"I'll give him just about one week," continued the bill clerk. "Say, the walking in hedges ought to be good by this time. I don't think I ought to do anything to make it better, do you?"

"There's a difference between intentions and resolutions," said the cashier. "A good intention is all right, but it needs a resolution on top of it to make it stick. You may intend to quit going into debt for things you could do without, and you may intend to get around to the office on time and put a little more ginger into your work when you do get there. You may intend to be a little more deferential in your manner toward your elders and superiors in the office and to take good advice when your elders and superiors give it to you, but nothing's likely to come of intending. When you resolve—when you say to yourself, 'I am going to do this,' or, 'From this time on I'm not going to do that,' then there's some hope for you."

"You think it's all right, then?" queried the bill clerk.

"It's a good thing to make a resolution to do better any time," said the cashier. "It's bad to break it, but it's better to make it and break it than not to make it at all. If Billy can keep a clean mouth for a week it will be better than nothing, and he may last longer. If you stopped filling your lungs with cigarette smoke for three weeks you're that three weeks to the good."

"Thank you for this little lesson," said the bill clerk gratefully. "How about taking up your employer's time shooting off that everlasting slack jaw of yours?"—Chicago News.

**New Year's Morning.**

Only a night from old to new! Only a night and so much wrought! The old year's heart was full of greed. But said, "The new year's rest has brought."

The old year's heart its hopes laid down As in a grave, but, smiling, said, "The blossoms of the New Year's crown Bloom from the ashes of the dead." The old year's heart was full of greed. With selfishness it longed and ached And cried: "I have not half a need! My thirst is bitter and unalaked. But to the New Year's generous hand All gifts in plenty shall return. True loving it shall understand. But all my failures it shall learn. I have been reckless. It shall be Quiet and calm and pure of life. I was a slave. It shall be free And find sweet peace where I leave strife."

Only a night from old to new! Never a night such changes brought. The old year had its work to do. No new year miracles are wrought.

Always a night from old to new— Night and the healing balm of sleep. Each morn is New Year's morn come true.

Morn of a festival to keep. All nights are sacred nights to make Confession and resolve and prayer. All days are sacred days to wake New gladness in the sunny air.

Only a night from old to new! Only a sleep from night to morn! The new is but the old made true. Each sunrise sees a new year born.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

**It All Depended.**

Johnny—Mamma, we are going to have turkey for dinner on New Year's? Mamma—It all depends, Johnny.

Johnny—On what?

Mamma—On whether your father has anything left after the tradesmen's clerks and the janitor get through wishing him a happy New Year's.

## THIS NEW YEAR'S



**THE WIFE**

**R**ESOLVED am I for this new year

In no high bonnets to appear.

All costly wraps I'll now forego

And do away with idle show.

In husband's business I'll not mix

And get him in another "fix."

My shopping I'll curtail at once,

For well I know I am a dunce.

In scandals I shall no more speak;

I'll lecture only once a week.



**THE LAWYER**

**W**ITH this new year I'll aim to please.

I'll do great work for little fees.

Prevarication I'll eschew

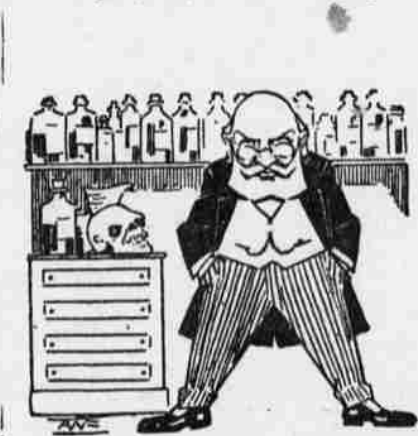
And utilize no dodges new.

I'll advocate no unjust cause

And break no wills, whatever the laws.

These resolutions are not grudging.

For lawyers, too, in time are judged.



**THE GROCER**

**W**ELL, this, I s'pose, is New Year's day

And time for me to change my weigh.

From this time on I'll do things clean

And sell no oleomargarine.

To patrons old I'll be as good

As to the new ones, though my food I risk in doing so. I'll bust

Or sell as cheap for cash as trust.

To him who pays I shall not place

The debts of those who fall from grace.

Adulterations I shall scorn,

For honesty may e'en adorn

A grocery, and grocers reap

Rewards in heaven, heap on heap.



**THE DOCTOR**

**A**NOTHER year! Well, I must make

In my prescriptions no mistake

In 1910, for these young men

In drug stores talk too much—ahem!

The code I'll follow close this year:

No advertising shall appear.

I'll speak no ill of other "docs"

And quit for good all throwing rocks.

I'll be on hand in hours late

And greet good husbands at the gate.

I'll upright live as any Quaker

And spare my friend the undertaker.

## GOOD RESOLUTIONS

**THE HUSBAND**

**I** AM resolved this New Year's day

To go a new and better way.

No more the lodge shall I attend;

The homeward road by nine I'll mend.

While in the house I'll never smoke

Or tell my wife a "chestnut" joke.

The servant girl I'll never kiss,

But be content with wedded bliss.

I'll bear with patience all my ills

And swear no more at dry goods bills.



**THE PREACHER**

**A**S this is New Year's, I may say

I'll turn a leaf for this good day.

My sermons now I'll shorten some;

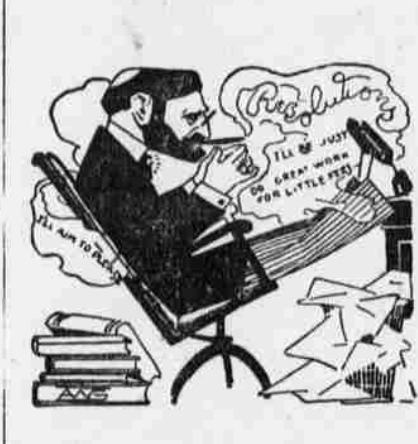
No more they'll charge that I'm humdrum.

The wealthy sinner I'll assail

And scorn his wrath if I shall fail.

My salary I shall not seek

To swell, for I'll be plain and meek.



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**THE PLUMBER**

**O**H, WELCOME, New Year's!

Joyous day

That finds the plumber's heart still gay

And full of vows of true reform.

To him's ne'er dark the winter storm

For plumber's time and helper's toil I'll charge much less this year and oil

My patron's fixtures free of cost

(The generous yet have never lost.)

And when I grease his stop and waste

My bill I'll not present in haste.

His pipes I'll give the proper fall

And lay them on the southern wall

To do things well shall be my mission

And thus crowd out all competition.

Tis my belief that sanitation

Is yet to save this periled nation.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The new armory of Co D, 1st infantry, V. N. G., in St. Johnsbury, is pronounced the best in the state. The building is 100 x 20 feet, two stories high in front and three in the rear.

Earl Batchelder died at his home in Norwich Dec. 24, at the age of 83 years. He had been around the world twice and for 30 years was engaged in digging for gold in Australia.

## UNCLE SAM'S WAY OF DOING IT.

How He Wishes All the World a Happy New Year.

**A**T midnight Uncle Sam wishes all the world a happy New Year. The tick of the time signal instrument in the United States naval observatory at Washington flashes America's greeting to the nations of the world.

This sending forth of a New Year greeting is sentimental in its nature perhaps, but it is practical in its illustration of the accurate time service that has been adopted by the United States and the organization of a standard time schedule in this country, which it is hoped some day will extend throughout the world. So those New Year greetings of Uncle Sam's, which have become an annual feature of the national observatory, give an object lesson to the nations that may lead to as great a reform in a universal time system as Pope Gregory instituted in the correction of the Julian calendar. The first of these New Year messages was sent out in 1903, the telegraph companies entering into the project with great interest and energy. The signals were transmitted at midnight, 1, 2 and 3 a. m., so that each great fraction of the country received its own midnight signal direct from the naval observatory. So successfully was the plan carried out and so general was the interest in it that it was decided to make it a feature thereafter.

Some of the messages sent out on these occasions are received in an incredibly short time. For instance, the time signal last year was received at Sydney, Australia, in two and one-fourth seconds; at Madras, India, in three and three-fifths seconds; at Cape Town, Africa, in two minutes and thirty-five seconds; at Madrid, Spain, in two and one-half minutes; at Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, California, in twenty-four one-hundredths of a second, and at Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, in one-tenth of a second.

The importance of this time service is evidenced by the fact that it furnishes absolute standard time for not only navigators at all the chief seaports of the United States, but for the entire country except the Pacific coast, which receives a similar service from the naval observatory at the Mare Island yard. When it is understood that the service is rendered at no expense whatever to the government, being merely incidental to the work required for the rating of chronometers for naval vessels, the results attained will appear all the more acceptable. The time signal is sent out daily at noon on seventy-fifth meridian time, with an average error for the year of only fifteen hundredths of a second. The signal goes over the wires of the various telegraph and telephone companies, regulating eighteen government time balls and 40,000 public and private clocks throughout the country.

The accuracy required in the operation may be appreciated when it is known that the minutest fractions of seconds are shaved into infinitesimal quantities that almost rival the twinkling of the hair splitting timekeeper of ancient India.—New York Times.

## DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION

The reception at the house of the secretary of state on New Year's day is by all odds the most spectacular function of the year in Washington. All the diplomats are in full uniform, with much gold embroidery and glittering decorations, barring a few from the Latin American republics, who appear in plain evening dress, though it is the noon hour. It is a scene of brilliancy and glitter. One recognizes the members of the German embassy by their costumes of white broadcloth and silver. The Chinese, a numerous staff, are gaudy in silk robes, the British ambassador, Mr. Bryce, is easily identified by his coat of blue cloth and gold, with white knee breeches, white silk stockings, gold shoe buckles, silk shoulder belt, gold mounted sword and cocked hat of black beaver with a white ostrich feather.

Nobody is asked to sit down. When all the guests have arrived, Mr. Knox will offer his arm to Mme. des Planches, Mrs. Knox will take the arm of the ambassador and they will lead the way into the dining room, where an elaborate luncheon—or breakfast, if one prefers—is spread. There will be unlimited champagne, with salads, ices and whatever else may gratify the appetite.

When the function is over, at about 1 p. m., the wives of the diplomats will go to their own homes and spend the rest of the day receiving. The ambassadors, ministers and smaller fry of male sex will call on the vice president, the members of the cabinet, the senators, the speaker of the house of representatives, the justices of the supreme court and the members of the committee of foreign relations of the house. They will also call on the wives of one another. It will be a tremendously busy day for them—a continual dashing about from place to place in a multitude of cabs—and the social task, which is to them as a necessary official duty, will not come to an end until nearly midnight, when they will be glad to crawl into bed, exhausted, but delighted that New Year's will not arrive again for another twelvemonth.

Lindley Turner of Chester had a narrow escape from instant death Monday, when, in moving a gun about in a sleigh, it was discharged, the contents hitting Mr. Turner in the left breast and inflicting a flesh wound. The charge passed by his head.

Frederick Semington, the artist, died at his home in Ridgefield, Conn. Dec. 27, from heart failure and shock, superinduced by an operation for appendicitis.

## DIARY OF A RESOLUTION.

**J**AN. 1.—I was born today. Of course my impressions as to the world into which I have just made by debut are somewhat fragmentary, but of one thing I am certain—my father is a very pleasant sort of chap. I confess that he is a bit awkward about holding me, and he seems rather ridiculously proud of me, but I dare say both will pass away with increased familiarity.

**Jan. 2.**—Well, I have met her. At least I suppose the very charming girl we called on last evening is my mother, though I was surprised to hear her "Miss Alice."

No doubt there are manners in this world to which I must become accustomed. My proud parent exhibited me to my other parent, who was really charmingly enthusiastic over me. She promised to go to the theater with us and have a little supper afterward.

We are to sup at the Water Wag-on, which must be a fashionable restaurant, as she seemed so delighted and laughed so at the prospect.

**Jan. 3.**—My father exhibited me at his club today and seemed as proud as Punch over my accomplishments. Perhaps I should say "accomplishments," for the only one I have had time to acquire is saying, "No, thank you." But it seemed to take very well, for all my father's friends laughed a great deal whenever I said it.

**Jan. 4.**—I don't feel well today.

**Jan. 5.**—Something is wrong. My father was quite rude to me today.

**Jan. 6.**—My father left me at home all day, and I feel rather neglected.

**Jan. 7.**—I think it's all over with me. One of my father's friends came to call on us this evening, and my father petted me and praised me; but, oh, I could feel that he wasn't sincere! His friend examined me closely and finally remarked that there was something wrong with my backbone. He must be a doctor. I am very unhappy.

**Jan. 8.**—It is all over with me. We went to the theater tonight with my mother, and neither of my parents paid a bit of attention to me or to the play. I was right about the fashionable restaurant, but it has changed its name. We have taken a table, and three of us are very jolly. I don't feel well. There is an elderly woman with us. She must be my grandmother. Oh, dear! My father is ordering supper, and I feel worse and worse. Wait. My mother says something about me. But my mother is laughing, and he answers, "Never mind that. (That) It has served its purpose, and we simply must celebrate the engagement."

Heartless man! And they are all smiling. Oh, dear! I feel so bad—stop! Gurgles, gurgles, gurgles. There, now, see what he's done! I'm dead.—New York Times.

## AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

New Year's is the hardest day in the twelvemonth for the diplomats in Washington. It is not too much to say that they look forward to it with dread. And no wonder, inasmuch as it is the only day in the year on which they are really obliged to work. The trouble begins at the White House, where they are expected to present themselves at 11 a. m. sharp in all their most elaborate and gorgeous togs, for at that hour the president's New Year's reception begins, and after the vice president and the members of the cabinet have shaken hands with Mr. Taft it is the diplomats' next turn.

For the common people, who will follow in thousands, a master of ceremonies—the president's chief military aid, Captain Butt—will act as introducer. But for the purpose of presenting the members of the diplomatic corps this function is performed by the secretary of state, Mr. Knox.

In earlier days there was a great struggle among the diplomats at Washington for precedence, and many bickerings arose. All such annoyances were happily done away with, however, by the laying down of a rule to the effect that representatives of foreign powers should take rank in the order of the dates of their credentials. Thus on New Year's day the first member of the corps to greet the president will be the dean of the diplomatic colony at the capital.

At exactly 11:15 of the clock this official, in gorgeous array, the entire front of his coat covered with gold lace and a cocked hat under his left arm, will be introduced to the president by Mr. Knox. He is dean of the diplomatic corps by reason of the fact that he is the ambassador of longest service in Washington. Following him will come his wife and then the subordinates.

**Worse Still.**

"Don't you hear to find a worm when eating fruit?" "Well, not so much as finding half a worm!"—Puck.

**Adam and the Apple.**

The old Marchioness of Salisbury one Sunday was at church, a rare thing with her, and the preacher, speaking of the fall, observed that Adam, excusing himself, had cried out, "Lord, the woman tempted me!" At this quotation Lady Salisbury, who appeared not to have heard of the incident before, jumped up in her seat, saying, "Shabby fellow, indeed!" "Memoirs of the Duchess of Dino."

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

There are now twenty-nine statues in the public grounds in the city of Washington.

One of them General Grant is under construction.

Seven others—of Pulaski, Von Steuben, Kosciuszko, Commodore Barry, Christopher Columbus, John Paul Jones and Thomas Jefferson—have been authorized and provided for by congress.

**Monument to General Grant.**

The monument to General Grant, which has been located upon a much criticised site at the foot of Capitol hill, at the east end of the botanic garden, will be the most imposing. The contract for the statue and marble work which will surround it calls for a payment of \$240,000.

The platform, the pedestal and a portion of the embellishments are already in place. The bronze figure of General Grant will not be erected for at least two years.

In July, 1908, the commission in charge granted an extension of time to the artist for three years from Aug. 10, 1908.

**Description of the Memorial.**

The memorial consists of a marble platform 250 feet long and 72 feet wide, reached by a flight of eight marble steps extending the entire length of the four sides. A heroic bronze figure of Ulysses S. Grant, mounted on a marble pedestal in the center, and its height will be forty-three feet from the bottom step of the platform to the top of the hat.

From each end of the platform projects a pedestal rising four feet above the floor. Upon one of them will be a bronze group of cavalry and upon the other a group of artillery in action, both facing the statue. Upon the north and south faces of the central pedestal will be placed bronze reliefs representing infantry on the march. At the four corners of the central pedestal are four bronze lions standing alert. The bas-reliefs and the artillery group soon will be in position.

**Statue to Pulaski.**

By act of congress, approved Feb. 27, 1903, the secretary of war, the chairman of the committee on the library of the two houses and the president of the Pulaski monument Polish central committee were authorized to expend the sum of \$50,000 in the erection of a monument in honor of Count Casimir Pulaski, a Polish nobleman, who joined the Revolutionary army as a volunteer in the summer of 1777, bringing a letter to Washington from Benjamin Franklin.

**The Pulaski Legion.**

A few days after his arrival occurred the battle of Brandywine, in which he participated with such courage and military skill that congress immediately voted him a commission as brigadier general and appointed him to the command of the colonial cavalry. He participated in all the battles of that campaign and subsequently organized a famous body of fighters known as the Pulaski legion.

He captured the city of Charleston and successfully defended it against the British until relieved. And Oct. 9, 1780, when the combined French and American forces made their unsuccessful attack upon Savannah, then occupied by the British, he commanded the cavalry.

During the assault he received his death wound and was taken aboard the brig Wasp, lying in the Savannah river, where he died.

**New Presidential Flag.**

War department officials have decreed that the flag of the president shall be changed.

Instead of being fastened on a pole ten feet long, it will have one eleven feet, and the American eagle that has stood alert on the globe that adorned the top of the pole during all these years is to give way to a bigger bird.

**Interesting Old Documents.**

Some time ago during a housecleaning in the postoffice department a number of autograph letters written by men famous in American history were discovered in an old and battered file case. The file case had evidently been considered of no value, for it had been stowed away in a little used portion of the cellar and would undoubtedly have eventually been broken up and its contents lost or destroyed.

The papers include letters of recommendation by Kosciusko Conkling written in 1890, when he was a representative in congress from New York, and by Horace Greeley, James A. Garfield, Charles Sumner and others of the national prominence. Among the papers was the record of the first woman appointed to the postal service and one of the first employed in the governmental departments in Washington in any capacity. Another document bore the written sentiments of a rabid secessionist who was appointed to office on the strength of his "penmanship and composition" against which his anti-Union sentiments were not allowed to stand in the way.

The documents are considered as of more than ordinary interest, particularly as autograph letters of recommendation from prominent men are now practically things of the past. The general use of the typewriter and the fact that almost every man of prominence has a private secretary are largely responsible for this modern condition. CARL SCHOFIELD.

## TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

**THE AGE WILL BE SENT FROM NOW UNTIL JAN. 1, 1911 FOR ONE DOLLAR**